For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle;
He that stirres next, to carue forth his owne rage,
Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion;
Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Isle
From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
As if some planet had vnwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
These legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In men of wisest censure: what's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me answer to't?

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's sed or done amisse this night,
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.

Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
Assayes to leade the way. Zouns, if I stirre,

Or

Or doe but lift this arme, the best of
Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me
How this foule rout began, who set
And he that is approou'd in this offe
Tho he had twin'd with me, both at
Shall loose me; what, in a Towne of
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim ful
To mannage priuate and domestick
In night, and on the Court and guar
Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?

Mon. If partiality affin'd, or leag
Thou doest deliuer, more or lesse the
Thou art no souldier.

Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha this tongue out from
Then it should doe offence to *Mich*
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake th
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is
Montanio and my selfe being in spee
There comes a fellow, crying out fo
And *Cassio* following him with dete
To execute vpon him: Sir this Gent
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreates his p
My selfe the crying fellow did pursu
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright: he
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd
For that I heard the clinke and fall o
And *Cassio* high in oaths, which till t
I ne're might see before: when I ca
For this was briefe, I found them clo
At blow and thrust, euen as agen they
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to h
As men in rage strike those that wish